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THE business of our House is the same, in all respects, as that of an Incorporate Bank—Checks and Drafts upon us pass through the Clearing House.

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Spouting and Roofing put up in the most durable manner and at reasonable prices. Call and examine his stock.

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Of every description, out of the best material.

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Having superior workmen, he is prepared to furnish work that will compare favorably with the best City Work, and much more durable, and at much more reasonable rates.

REPAIRING of all kinds neatly and promptly done. A call is solicited.

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311t

**NOTICE TO LAND OWNERS!**

After the 12th day of August of this year, (1870) suits will be liable to be brought in the Court of Dauphin County for money due on lands in Perry County, unpatented.

For information relative to the Patenting of lands, call on or address

S. H. GALBRAITH,  
Attorney-at-Law & County Surveyor.  
Bloomfield, March 8, 1870.—41

**NOTICE.**

THE undersigned hereby gives public notice, that he will enforce the law in regard to trespass upon persons hunting or fishing, or otherwise trespassing on his premises, in Tyrone township, Perry County, Pa.

JOHN STAMBAUGH.

May 3, 1870—31\*

**JOHN CUTTS'S SECRET.**

"IS Mr. Cutts in?" asked a gentleman, who, having knocked at a door, was saluted by a woman, from an upper window, with "Well, what's wantin' naow?"

"Yes, he's in, or about somewhere, I suppose," she replied; "but I'm Mr. Cutts, when any business is to be done.—He's Mr. Cutts eatin' an' drinkin', sleepin' sometimes!"

"Well, my good woman," said the gentleman, "I think he will be Mr. Cutts for my business, too. I wish to see him."

"What do you want of him?" asked the shrew, thrusting her head still farther out of the window.

"To do something for me. But I must see himself," was the reply.

"Is it real business, for pay, or only favor you want; I can let your boss have a peck of oats, or I can direct you to the shortest road to the Four Corners, or I can—I can—why, I can do anything for you that he could; and a good deal more! I take the money and write receipts, and pay the men, and I take off the produce! I'm as good a judge of stock as he is, and I can't be beat on horse flesh."

"But," said the gentleman, drawing down his face solemnly, "you can't take his place now. Find him for me at once."

The shrew was baffled. "Look-a-here, mister," she continued, "may be you do not know the circumstances of the case. This here farm is mine, and it was my father's afore me; and Cutts, he hain't no more claim to it than that hen down there has. And besides, I'm seven years older than he is, a foot higher, and weigh twenty pounds more! What's your business on my place, if I may make so bold?"

"To see and talk with your husband," replied the gentleman, getting out of his chaise and hitching his horse to a post, as if he meant to stay until he did see him.

"Be you a doctor? Cause there ain't a living thing the matter with Cutts.—He's the wellest man in the town, and so be I," said this 'woman for the times."

"No, my good woman, I'm not a doctor. Do you think your husband will be in soon? Send that boy to find him!" said the stranger.

The boy looked up in his mother's face—but he knew his own interests too well to start without orders.

"Then you're a minister I suppose, by your blackcoat. I may as well tell you and save you time, that we don't go to meeting, and don't want to. It ain't no use for you to leave no tracks nor nothing—for I've got a big dairy, and hain't no time to idle away readin', and I keep him about it so early and late, that when he's done work he's glad to go to bed and rest!"

"I'm no minister, madam; I wish I was though, for your sake," said the gentleman.

"Send for your husband; I cannot wait much longer. I must see him at once."

The boy started to his feet again, and looked in his mother's eye; but it gave no marching orders.

"Look here, mister," now appearing at the door, and looking defiantly at him, "you're a school-master huntin' up a district school; and you think he's a committee man; but he ain't this year."

"Ma'am Cutts," as the neighbors called her, dropped her hands at her side and heaved a groan. She had found a man she couldn't manage.

"See here, now, mister," she said, "I can read a body right through, and I knew what you was the blessed minute I clapped my eyes on you. I can tell by your everlastin' arguin' that you are a lawyer. We hain't got no quarrels; don't want no deeds drawn nor wills made; so if you're huntin' a job out of my husband, you may as well onhitch your horse and drive on. We know enough to make a little money, and I know enough to hold on to it."

"My good woman, you entirely misunderstand my errand. I can tell no person but himself what it is, and must tell him in confidence alone. If he chooses he may break it to you in the best way he can."

"O, My goodness sakes alive! Brother Lif's blown up in the Mississippi boat, I bet! O, la me, the poor fellow. He left a little something, didn't he?"

"I never heard of him, and nobody's 'blowed up' that I know of," replied the gentleman.

"O, now I know! You're the man that wants to go to Congress, ha, and have come here huntin' after votes. He shall not vote for you! I hate politicians, especially them that goes agin women, and thinks they were made to drudge, and

nothin' else! I go in for free and equal rights for white folks—men and women—for Scriptur says, 'there isn't neither men or women; but all's one in politics.' I believe the day's a comin' when such as you and me will have to bow the knee to women, afore you can get the big places and high pay that's a eatin' us up with taxes! You can't see my husband! We are goin' to the polls on the way to the mill, and I'll promise you that he votes right."

"I'm no candidate, and I don't know who you're talking about. Ah, there comes the man I want!" And the stranger went towards Mr. Cutts, who had just leaped a pair of bars which led from the potato patch into the lane.

Mr. Cutts flew into the house for her sunbonnet, to follow them; but by the time she got to the bars, her mysterious visitor and Cutts were driving rapidly down the road.

The strong-minded woman shouted after her husband, "You'd better come back, I tell you!" but the wind was the wrong way, and carried her words into the potato patch.

"Sir," said the gentleman to honest Cutts, "I have a very simple question to ask you, but I shall have to ask you in confidence. I will give you five dollars if you will promise not to repeat my words until to-morrow."

"Well, sir," replied Cutts, "I shouldn't like to answer any questions that would make trouble among my neighbors. I have my hands full, I can tell you, to keep out of scrapes now; but I've done it, and hain't an enemy in the world, as I know."

"But, sir, you needn't reply to my question, unless you are perfectly willing," said the stranger.

"Ask your question," said Cutts, "and I will not repeat it."

"Well, Mr. Cutts, I am laying fence on the Brisley place, that I've just bought and I was directed to inquire of you where I could buy cedar posts. A fellow in the store said 'Cutts can tell you if his wife will let him; but she won't. She'll insist on telling you herself, and perhaps offer to drive with you wherever you go to order them.'"

"I told them I would see you, and ask you only; and the fellows bet on it. They are to give you ten dollars, and to two or three widows in town a cord of wood each, if I succeed in asking you this question alone, and making sure your wife does not know my business until after breakfast to-morrow morning."

Cutts knew his wife's "standing" too well to feel very sensitive, and taking the bill from the stranger, he smiled and said—

"I'll go with you to look out cedar posts and keep dark, for the joke's sake; but I don't know as she'll let me stay in the house to-night, for I don't own it," replied the good-natured Cutts.

"Suppose you go to my place and see to setting the posts. I will send a boy to tell her you had to go off suddenly on a little business, and will be back in the morning," said the stranger.

"I'll do that," replied Cutts, "for I never quarrel with her, but let her have her own way. I don't want to worry myself about trifles."

"Good man," said the stranger, "there are no trifles in this life. The smallest act is important, and the easy good nature of yours will ruin your family. Baffle that spirit to-day, and next Sunday take your boys and go the house of God, whatever she says, and be a real man—at the head of your own house and family."

"It is rather late to begin," said Cutts shaking his head in a way that would have warned others from the trap in which his feet were fast.

"You see the purse is hers," he added "and that has been a crueler fetter than her will to me. But I will try to begin anew, for her good as well as the children's."

The boy was sent with the message, but the boy wasn't sharp enough.—Ma'am Cutts discovered the whereabouts of her lord, tackled up and went after him.

All the way home and far into the night she used her eloquence, both in pleading and threatenings, to find out the mysterious errand of "that hateful town nabob that had come into the town to separate happy families."

But Cutts yielded himself up to a "dumb spirit" for the night; and no measure could induce him to talk on any subject, lest she should pry the mighty secret out of him.

About midnight she wore herself out and went to sleep; but at break of day she began again. He then ventured to say, "as soon as breakfast is over, I'll break the news to you."

"You'll never eat a morsel in my house I can tell you," cried Zantippe, "till you've told me what that man wanted of you!"

"Then you'll wait a good while to hear it," said Cutts, "for I've vow'd I'd never tell it, till I had first eaten my breakfast!" and with these words he went out.

Ma'am Cutts endured the torture as long as possible, and then got breakfast. She called to the door to no one in particular, "come!"

But Cutts didn't come. After a while she went out to the barn and found him seated on an up-turned half-bushel measure, calmly peeling and eating a raw turnip.

"It does seem as if this here man had possessed you!" Your breakfast is coolin'; do come in!"

Here was a point gained.

Cutts went in as requested, and ate his breakfast. When that was over, ma'am settled herself back in her chair, with her face full of eager expectation, and said:

"Now, begin. What did that ere man want?"

"He wanted some cedar posts," replied Cutts, calmly, without looking up.

"And that was all?"

"If an arrow had struck Ma'am Cutts she could not have manifested more surprise and shame."

"I am the laughingstock of this town," added Cutts, "and from this hour I turn over a new leaf. I'm henceforth head of my family, and unless this house is made mine, I shall finish off a room in the barn—which is mine—and you will be welcome to share it with me. If not, I'll live there with the boys, and you will find me a civil neighbor."

Ma'am Cutts' power was broken. Since then the farm has been called "John Cutts' place," and he is the head of the house.

**A Ride With Her Beau.**

MISS EMMA HALMAN had been sent by her parents to a boarding school, quite a distance from home, with instructions to Miss Waldron, the teacher, to keep a strict watch over her.—Emma had a beau, however, whom she managed to keep up a correspondence with, and it was at last arranged that he should come and pass off for her cousin, and take her out carriage riding, under pretence that he was taking her to his father's, a few miles out in the country.

Well, he came according to appointment, and introducing himself as Emma's cousin, asked to take her home to spend the afternoon. Miss Waldron said she had not the slightest objection; asked how far it was, and in what direction; and told Emma to get ready to go. But when Emma was dressed and ready to start, Miss Waldron also came down ready and dressed, and said that as their carriage was large enough for three, she would go along part of the way with them, and stop at a friend's, who lived a short distance from the uncle that Emma was going to see, and they might stop for her when they came back at night. Of course they could do no better than tell her they would be glad to have her go with them—although they would have a dull time with her as a companion. But they thought to make up for it by having a nice sociable ride after Miss Waldron stopped at her friend's. So off they started in fine spirits; and when they got two or three miles, they began to expect that every house they came to would be the one that Miss Waldron would stop at.—But she didn't stop at any. Finally, when they had gone some five or six miles, Miss Waldron said she must have passed the house by some mistake, for they had certainly travelled twice as far as her friend's house was from town.—But, since they had passed it, she would not trouble them to turn back with her, but would go on with Emma to her uncle's, and just stop one minute at her friend's as they came back. There was what you might call a fix! And Emma and her beau could do nothing but drive on. So on they drove; but driving on didn't drive the trouble away. At last when they had gone eight or ten miles, Emma's beau said that the road must have been changed in some way, for he had undoubtedly gone astray, and, as they had gone so far and it was drawing late, they would not have time to find the right way. So they went back to town; and when Miss Waldron got out of the carriage, she told Emma's beau that when he ascertained how the road had been changed, she would be very happy to go along with Emma any Saturday to spend an afternoon at her uncle's!

**SUNDAY READING.**

A thousand wishes that we were glorified saints are less in God's eye than one manly grapple with a worldly passion.

Religion is not mere sentiment. It is a vital experience of the heart, a resolute exercise of the will, a heroic service of the life.

The Bible, so little in bulk, like the five barley loaves and two fishes' what thousands in every age it has fed! And what multitudes it will feed in every land of Christendom, till the end of time.

**A Gem.**

It has been eloquently said that if Christianity, was compelled to flee from the mansions of the great, the academics of the philosopher, the halls of the legislators, the throng of busy men, we should find her last retreat with woman at the fireside. Her last audience would be the children gathered around the mother's knee, the last sacrifice the secret prayer, escaping in silence from her lips, and heard, perhaps, only at the throne of God.

It is said that once in the company of a literary gentleman, Mr. Webster was asked if he could comprehend how Jesus Christ could be both God and man. "No sir," he replied, and added, "I should be ashamed to acknowledge Him as my Savior if I could comprehend Him. If I could comprehend Him he could not be greater than myself, such is my sense of sin and consciousness of my inability to save myself, that I feel I need a super-human Saviour, one so great and glorious that I cannot comprehend Him."

**Effects of Sin.**

Penalties are often so long delayed, that men think they shall escape them; but at some time they are certain to follow. When the whirlwind sweeps through the forest, at its first breath that giant tree, with all its boughs, falls crashing to the ground. But it had been preparing to fall twenty years. Twenty years before it had received a gash. Twenty years before the water began to settle in at that notch, and from thence decay began to reach with silent fingers toward the heart of the tree. Every year the work of death progressed, till at length it stood, all rottenness, and the first gale felled it to the ground. Now there are men who for twenty years have shamed the day and wearied the night with their debaucheries, but who yet seem strong and vigorous and exclaim: "You need not talk of penalties! Look at me! I am as hale and hearty to-day as ever." But, in reality, they are full of weakness and decay. They have been preparing to fall for twenty years, and the first disease strikes them down in a moment.—H. W. Beecher.

**All Smiles.**

During a revival of religion, Willie E—a boy of tender years, was moved with others to seek the place of prayer and here learned that though young, he was a sinner. He saw that daily, and in many ways, he had done what God would not approve. A dark cloud seemed to be frowning upon him, and his in heart was heard a sweet voice, in kindly invitation, saying, "Come unto me."

Willie's heart responded, "Dear Saviour, I come." At once through the rift of clouds, the glad sunshine beamed and he ran to his mother with the welcome words, "Mother, I have found the Saviour, and I feel as though it was all smiles."

And so it was, not only in Willie's heart but in heaven, there is joy "over one sinner that repenteth." How sweet to feel that when a soul gives itself to Christ, in heaven it is all smiles!

**Which is the Happiest Season?**

At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked—"Which season of life is the most happy?" After being freely discussed by the guests, it was referred for answer to the host, upon whom was the burden of fourscore years. He asked if they had noticed a grove of trees before the dwelling, and said—"When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are breaking on the trees, and they are covered with blossoms, I think—How beautiful is Spring! And when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches I think—How beautiful is Summer! When the autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous tint of frost I think—How beautiful is Autumn! And when it is severe winter, and there is neither foliage nor fruit, then I look up through the leafless branches, as I never could until now, and see the stars shine!"